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Teach a Little Boy Music

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Teach a Little Boy Music

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Description (Optional)

This poem describes the settings of a child's life, predominately his playing a piano, and considers purity and innocence and the desperation to hold onto them amidst the impending complexity and hardship of experience.

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About the Contributor (Optional)

Jesse Silk is a Northeast Ohio native and an avid fan of music and clever comedy. He aspires to continue to write in the fields of creative writing, academia, and music.

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Teach a little boy music

Jesse Silk

Rubberbands stretched over a tissue box
breathe over its hole. Because I've blown
my nose and eaten a toothpaste milkshake
by accident. But I hear them vibrate.

Step over train tracks and wrapping
paper, sit down on the bench, tap
pedals with your feet. Eighty-eight
spruce chiclets taste like envelopes.

They don't care if I lie. The flats
are melting candy bars. I blow
on the sharps like blades of
grass turned into kazoos.

They don't care if I don't know
why my pants were around my
ankles or remind me that
four of Mozart's children died.

I wash myself on a snow-covered
back porch, a rolling pin licking
up icy dust with a tongue
burnt from hot chocolate.

Dear Yahama, please keep me
safe. Hug me with mahogany,
dance in my dreams and tease
the pink drapes of our living room.